A Shrewsbury Wooing.

[By Manios Hill.]

"Do you think I could do that?" asked a

Het volce seemed to come out of the clear sky. Theodore looked around and up. She was on the bridge above him, and was garing down into his boat and upon his occupution with absorbing interest, for he was handling a erab net most dexterously. He know her by sight as a sort of genteel poor relation of a Mrs. Riber, who lived in the neighborhood. She also knew him by sight as a working pariner of old Sam Harltont, who noted as middleman between the Sirewsbury River crab beds and a fish stall in a third-rate New York market, "Do you want to come down and try?"

asked be.

"Very much indeed,"

"I don't really see how I can run the boat up close enough to the bank; the tide is so low," continued Theodore,
"Just run her ashore as high as you can,

for he was in no desperate hurry to have his day interfered with by a strange young

was ready waiting by the time he She was ready waiting by the time be meared the shore, and when he took the pole end of his net and pushed the boat well up into the some she stopped in easily without any hoip. Even before scatting berself she picked up one of the oars and with two or three vigorous digs sent the boat well out into the river.

o the river.
'This is the coolest proceeding I've seen for mouths," thought the young man wrall-fully, and plying his pole he painstakingly pushed the boat mode into shore again. She looked at him in ammemout. "More craits close in," he said, laconically. "But you were to the middle of the river

when I spoke to you, "she said,
"And I was served just right for it, too,"

devote himself to her.

"Now you sit still for a while and watch me," he said with a radiont scrile. "This lustices looks markly easy, but there's a kined to it all the sum. See that big fellow?

wash! I've got bim!"
With an athletic swoop he brought up the

the young woman's dress. She acremed, "That's all right! He won't hurt you?"
"Oh! what a visions leading beauting by erns had brought blusself, after the Institute of his kind, into a condition of petri-fied quies-core, and was looking fixedly and wiskedly at her.

"I nover can stay in this boat; please let me at!" Inspice the girl.
"I beg of you to take my word," said Theo-

you will never get touched. Only you mustn't put your hand near them," ut your hand near them."
She sat down mean only half consoled, but taget her projudices in the next excitement, weop! Another ceah,
"This is a suit-shell one, and perfectly

You can pick him out with your said Theodore, invitingly holding dear, no! Take him out yourseld."

said size, studdering.

For the next few moments Theodors worked quickly and successfully, its pired with the knowledge that his audience of one was watching him with admiration. Studding straight, with his eyes fixed on the water, he meet the pulsate or professional and provident account to know health above. what for demanded resources and yet every minute be made a triumphant scool to the right or the left and added a dismayed crub to his store. Through all his vigilant action he was wondering how on earth be was to address his companion. He knew perfectly well that the was called Hottle May, for he had often heard Mrs. Either call down the lane after her but he dispersed to the lane after her but her dispersed to the lane after her but her dispersed to the lane after her but her bu the May, for he hall often heard Mes. Riker call down the lane after her, but he did not know whether May was a surrange or part of the Caristian same, and he certainly did not dare call her Heitle. In the midst of this recent is the amazed and angered him by calling out in herror.

"Oh. Theodore' poke that crab away, it is coming straight toward me?" She called him by name as she would have addressed a lackey.

He oft as she requested, but made an ex-

He did as she requested, but made an experimental reply:
"You needn't be frightened, Hettle May, I told you before that they wouldn't hart you tion a from glance, under the in-

at indignation of which he felt a twinge cience, but he said nonchalantly "That is your name, isn't it?"
"Oh, yee, that is my name, certainly, but I was not name that you knew it."
"Nor did I know that you knew my name

as Theodore," he replied. She appeared to be struggling with herself. nd or so, at the end of which she

explained good-semperedly:
"I never dreamed of nanoying you by ealing you Theodore, but I have heard Mr. Huribut refer to you so often by your first name that I used it unawares. But call me Hettie

"Indeed I beg your pardon," he said in wague apologe, "and by way of entreating you to call me just Theodore I will painstakingly keep my surrame from you."

But to its indefinable disappointment she seired perfectly indifferent, and merely

"Muy I take the net now and try?" "Certainly," he said, reimquicking it at once and storing moodily at her timid man-

In triendly flirtations he was an adept, and it set him tack when he was not mor at least half way. No disinterested speciator would have wondored at his chagrin, either, for he country attractive as he was a suc-

"You will have to come over here in my place," he announced, still gloomily. "Steady now give me your hand." After a deal of unnecessary webbling and hand-slutching the change was affected, and the young girl stood unst anily in the prow, while Theodore sat himself opposite and poked some fight into the cruls.

After an interval of slow, uneventful pas-age through the shallow water Theodore

The frest, breeze had loosened short locks of her bair, and was now blowing her dress affectionately close to her form. To keep her hat on she had dached her head to the wind, and was keeping one eye tight shut. Alto-gether she looked so unaffected, so pretty, so young so everything that softens the heart of one, that Theodore came instantly out of his

discount and became heighful.
"Look at that mut of sea subbage," he said.
"Ease the boat nearer to it and I'll poke a erals cut for you. There! See that? Now watch closely for yourself. Don't you see them being in all the little holes in the river

sinstically. "Give me the net. Watch me got that hig one." There followed a lurch of the boat, a wiciout splash, a fine take of slime and seawed, and bitter disappointment. "My goodness! how did it get away?"

"Never mind. Try another."

Another lurch, more mud, and nothing else. This programme was followed for an hour or more, at the end of which time she gave

I have not caught a single one," was her unnecessary announcement.
"If you come out to-morrow noon at high "If you come out to-morrow noon at high
tide I'll warrant you a fine entch!" he promised engerly.

A wonderful blush swept over her face at
the innexed ridicals.

"Haven't you
ever been cel fishing at night?"

"You are making fun of me. No one ever goes crabbing at high tide."
"Not with a net, no, of course not; but we will fish for them. Will you come?"
"Oh, yes, if I may. If Aunt Emma has nothing for me to do."

nothing for me to do.

"I'll wait for you at Mrs. Riker's landing. I'll be there at 12. Now change places with me again, for it's a long row back."

He took off his coat to make her a better seat and then bent his back to the oars. Instead of the jerky Jersey dip he pulled a long, strong sween that sent the little boat shuddering through the water like a creature of life. The sun had gone down unmissed in the bold twilight, and the breezy stillness of evening was settling down over the rising river. The scene was a study in green. The only varia-

seems was a study in green. The only varia-tion was some white daisles, still awake, a few lagging clusters of locust, and once a rare mass of real mountain faurel that, perfectly at home, bent its sticky white disks almost into the sait water. Both man and girl looked at is with an instant appreciation of its pres-

ence.
"De you want it?" be asked.
"Oh, no; leave it where it is, "she answered.
They were the only words spoken during the long row home. Over the two had fallen a sileneing realization of their somewhat peculiar position. At last Locust Point landing was reached, and Hettie May volunteered to seet out.

This is where you stop," she said. "I can

"Just run her ashire as high as you ean," she said, a trifle imperiously," and I'll get aboard somebow."
She disappeared from his view and began to walk nowes the bridge.
Theodore discontended hid forwards he had, seeming to pack up the ear, he lastly moved himself and boat along by pushing moved himself and boat along by pushing against the cool, wet piles of the bridge. houses were induced from again, so that, although voices came now and then to the ears of the two in the boat, no sight of unaminable human beings marred the perfection of the scene. An exception must be made in invor of Mrs. Riker, who was found to be eatching their approach from the top of her nk. 'There's Aunt Emma," said Hattle May,

guiltily. "Tvs been crabbing, Annt Emma!"
Aust Emma preserved a stony silence that
remained unbroken even when Theodore
slightly raised his but in recognition of her indiaminable presence. He ran the boat well to land, and Hettle May stepped ashore. "Good evening," said Theodore, pushing himself relucionity from shore, as she spect up the bank before he could remind her of their

next day's engagement.
But on the morrow he found that she had not forgotten it. On the contrary, she was at the landing before him. She had on the same culico dress and straw int. of yesterday, but to his pleased syes she looked vastly prettier,

to his pleased eyes she looked vastly prettier, and he felt a most unwarrantable thrill of pensure in seeing het.
"No 'Aunt Emma," he hararded.
"No 'Aunt Emma," she responded gayly, but in an undertone. "She was wild hast night at my escapade, but I got up at 5 this morning and weeled all the strawberries, as

orning and weeded all the strawberries, so Why, I was up at 5 this morning, tooth he eried, with a blissful sense of companionship,

"I should think you would be up at that hour every morning," she said.

"Why?" sained Theodore binnkly.
"Does not your occupation call for ht?"
"Oh, yes, of course," he miswered.
He had wanted her to nek the reason of his early rising in order that he might explain that he had risen betimes to clean the bout for her greater comfort. Now he would explain nothing, so he rowed sliently down toward the bridge. The heat was bistering, the water was warm oil, and the wind like fire, and neither party felt talknive.

"Ho you think we can stand very much of this." she asked.

Wall till we reach the bridge; it will be oler there," he said.
"On, if we could only stay under it."
"Thirk yout what we are going to do,"
"Are we going to fish under there."

gave a backward giance to gauge his dance, and after one more strong sweep gethered in the ours and the boat shot

to the merciless sunlight,
"I've brought my own tackle along," de une out of her pocket.
"What for?" demanded Theodore, sur-

did it?"
"I'd far rather you did it," she rejoined,
"All you do is to throw the balt out, feel
when it touches bottom, and then draw it up
about a foot and wait till you feel a quiet tug.
"These ball has?"

They both lowered their bait and fell into a eriod of breathless waiting. Soon Theodore et a ginnee of smiling intelligence at his empanion and began to pull his line inch by . To his anxious companion his crawling lousness was feverish excitingly. When the p of meat appeared in dim outline to their ight Hettie May perceived that a huge crab

s hugging it. Please hand me the net," whispered Theo-She tendered him the short-handled net.

and he soon dumped the unwary previnto the boat, with the boilow, ratting sound that had grown so familiar to the girl's ears. "Don't he clash his legs horribly?" she He tested her neglected line, "There's a rate on it," he declared. "Draw it up very nicity or you'll frighten him loose. That's

"Isn't he a benutiful big one?" she breathed hightedly as she watched it through the water tugging at the ment. Don't experiment any longer; take the t," advised Theodore.

Oh, I can haul him into the boat without any net," she protested. Theodore set his best together and let her try it. The crab let go immediately be felt air.
"They always do that," he observed. "It's

only once in fifty times that you can jerk them into the boat," As he spoke he was hunling in one of his own; then another and another. At last Hettie May felt the mantle of success fail upon her, and she, too, began to land crabs without number. Theodore ut his into one wet sack, and hers into an-

they were left exposed," he explained.

Thus two hours sped away until Hettie May, sated with eapture, began to grow

"I can to see any," she replied, with eyes and to the stream.
"You have possed some of the finest ones in whichever is most convenient for you." He decided that Aunt Emma's was by far really did not see any! she said pitete frest, breeze had loosened short locks frist, and was now blowing her dress thousand with her, and was now blowing her dress thousand y locks to her form. To keep her

"Can you row?" be asked,
"Oh, yes indeed," was her glad response.
"Will you let me?"
That did not chime in with his idea at all,
so he refused.

'It is entirely too hot for you to row to-day, But any afternoon you wish one of my boats is at your service." "Thank you very much, but Mr. Riker has any number of boats, which I can use at any

Theodore consigned Mr. Riker and his boats to torment, and proceeded with his

"On the whole, how do you enjoy crabbing?"
"Oh, very much indeed, except when the erals rattle across the boat, though I am not

"No, indeed," he replied warmly, "One gets used to anything. Look at eels, now, why, they thrash around a boat like all 'get out,' and you don't mind them at all, although it's night and they feel like fifty thousand snakes.

"Never?" he cried in delight, "Well, come with me some night."
"I wouldn't go for a million dollars," she

said.
"There's nothing horrible about cels," he grumbled,
"Where do you go eel fishing?" she asked. "Here on the Shrewsbury, of course; there are loads of them in the mudholes and in the

She jerked her hand out of the water. "Oh, they don't float up on top in the day-time, they only do that at alght and at certain seasons. Why, some dark nights when the water is highly phosphorescent you can trace them by the sinuous glowing track they "How I should like to see that!" she ex-

"Come out to-night then," he said faithlessly, knowing perfectly well that there would be a moon and the promised exhibition there-fore impossible. "Will you be able to come out to-night at about half-past eight?" "Yes, I think so. Aunt Emma will be able

"The to come too."

"That's good," he said, hypocritically.

"I'll be here at half-past eight sharp,"

The boat's nose grounded in the mud, and he jumped ashore to help his pretty companion

"Don't forget your crabs," he reminded her, tendering the bag.
"Indeed, I do not want them," she insisted,
"I was only crabbing for amusement, and if
you will allow me to add my catch to yours I

will feel that I have not wasted your time. "All right," be said gruffly, and shot away down the stream. But his heart was leaping at the thought that she had really consented to go with him on a pleasure row, without any business-like project of fishing behind it. When he was in the middle of the stream he suddenly opened the mouth of Hettie May's sack and emptical its contents into the water. "I wouldn't have few first catch bolled alive. It would be sacrilege," he muttered. I'd like to bet a gold piece that she doesn't

know they're cooked alive, whom they re cooked alive.

When he rowed up to liker's in the evening's dusk his spirit sank at distinguishing
but one faint figure. He rowed near, experi-

"It is I - Hettie May," said her voice. Theodore bumped the boat joyfully on the ank.
"Aunt not coming?" was his brisk query.
"I asked her to come, and she said—she "I asked her to come, and she said she said, "if you're not big enough now to

get along without me tagging after you, I'd. ike to know when you will be, "She's perfectly right," agreed Theodore,
"So I we come to tell you I won't go," said

Hettie May.
"What" said Theodore, in leaden wrath.
"Oh. no; I've left her alone all day and I

can't leave her to-night."
"I'll tell you what," said Theodore, "step
in, and I'll row you so quickly down to the
bridge and back that she il never know I've een at all."

Just where this proposition differed from the proposed row it would be difficult to sit, but Hettie May considered it a harmess compromise and stepped in with macrity.

"Where is the phosphorous:" she de-

nanded.

Fortunately for the young man, the moon. had not yet risen, and the oars made a milky ripple. He called her attention to it. "Let your hand trail in the water and watch the reach it makes."

ne track it makes."
"And run the risk of patting an eel on the end? Oh, no!" she answered. He drew in the ears and rested on them. for the boat barely moved, and if it drifted at all, drifted effectives. In the enchanced at lense Theodore got it into his dreamily con-fused head that his soul was string like an Aoilan barp, and that every time he breathed it swept its music through him. That he was in love with the girl opposite him he would never have admitted. She was singing softly to herself an air that was at once familiar to nim, and at the same time exasperatingly un-familiar. If it was anything it was the so; rano of Wagners "Chorus of Pilgrins." "What is that you are singing?" he asked

"I haven't the sign of an idea," she said ondly and unsentimentally.
"It's time we got back," said Theodore im-nediately, and commenced rowing violently

omeward.

By the time he had made the new dark landing he had softened hopelessiy again. At all hazards he was bound to prevent her from speeding up the bank to the house. The myriad of firefless flashed around them, actually lighting up the leaves and flowers nearest to them. He moored his boat suggestively to littler's post, and slepped out with Hettle May. He list planned himself cleverly before her in the narrow path, so that she could not get home without waiking feliberately into him. This maneuver cheered

his soul into conversation.
"Ded you ever out fredies into your hair?" esked, insansly, "No, and I don't want to." "Did you ever hold one, then?"

"In my hande?" He caught one and came audaclously wearier, "Hold out your hand," he said.
Men who say, "Do this," "Do that," inotead
of "Will you do this?" "Will you do that?"

eet with extraordinary obedience. Heitie ay held out her hand. He lingeringly put e brillians little lissest into it. Did you ever hear the legend of the firefly?" he asked, musically.
She shook her head. "Tell me."
"Oh, it's no story, nothing to tell, only the
Indians believe that fliefles are the nouls of
dead soldiers who have failen in battle and

never known burial. Is not that a poetical Very horribly poetleal, and exactly like an Indian," she added. "Now I must say good

Oh, certainly: I was only waiting to know whether you were coming crabbing for soft-shells and shedders to-morrow at low tide.

"Are you so sure of that?" "Quite sure. Confess now, you would like to be able, wouldn't you?" "We should join hands in frantic sympathy, If once you taught me the unteachable,"

she quoted glibly. He pondered in scholarly amaze, and then said unthinkingly:
"Aren't you somewhat of a well-read young "Aren't you somewhat of a west-read young woman to be quoting Browning?"

She laughed, and ran up the path. Then she stopped and said in sudden surprise:

"Aren't you somewhat of a west-read young man to recognize it as a quotation from Browning?"

He reddened unperceived in the darkness, out urged anxiously:
"I am coming around to-morrow at low ide, may 12"

Her response was non-committal: "You ron't be able to reach this landing at low tide; you will have to go to the house below

-to Stanley's."

"All right!" he cried cheerfully.
On the next day and on many succeeding days he worked hard to prevent Hettle May rom netting a single crab. He very soon left off asking whether he might call for her, be-cause it came to be so settled a thing that she was to be his companion. At the close of one lazy, contented afternoon she spoiled the rest of the day by sanouncing her intention of going to the city for a few days.

When are you going?" he asked, "To-morrow."
"But at what time?" "I am going to take the 4:20 train from the Atlantic Highlands."

ttlantic Highlands."
"It is a long walk over," he suggested,
"Very," she assented.
His heart rose, So she was going to walk,
t least he would manage to intercept her
all walk with her and walk with her. He set out on the morrow in excellent time,

But look as he might he failed to see the one agure he looked for. During the period of his closest scrutiny of the by-paths a carriage passed him. In the carriage was a very beautiful woman, superbly dressed, and of undeniable fashion and position. She caught sight of Theodore and shrank back in her seat to hide from his gaze herself and her miserable crimson blush. It was Hettie May, but Theodore missed her. He walked back again to Locust Point in a

disappointment that verged on insanity. no longer was ignorant of the sentiment he had for the girl. He loved her. He loved her for the sensitiveness that spoke in her coming and going color. He worshiped her vivid beauty-a beauty of outline as well as of tint, a beauty that wind, sun, and dirt could not destroy. Without her the three days dragged miserably. On the fourth he went down to meet every train and boat that came in. Of course she did not arrive. On

the fifth day he wandered disconsolately around the various spots associated most closely with her. He finally threw himself abidingly down by the mountain laurel they had seen on their first row, and began to count up the period of their acquaintance-ship. Into his reverie, at this stage, there in-traded a faint dip of oars. What more likely than that Hettie May should be rowing down the river? He icaped to his feet, and looked across a lew feet of water into her eyes.

"Hettie!" he cried rapturously,
"Hetie!" he cried rapturously,
"Hollo," she answered demurely,
"How in to shore," he said.
Yery slowly and with rapidly-deepening
olor she guided the boat to shore. Her heart

was beating excitedly, for the rapture in his bright young face was too pronounced for her to ignore. He held out his hand to help her; the put her's in his, and at that touch re-serve flew to the winds, and they were in ch other's arms, "I want you, Hettie," he whispered, and

bent to kiss her. She broke away and looked at him almost with fear. "I love you, and you know it." "Yes I do know it; and I love you, but it is my disgrace!"
"That is a word that cannot pass unex-

mined," he said,
"Oh, you know, you must know the terrible
ifference in our stations,"
"How did you find out that it existed?" denanded Theodore, "Find what out?" asked she, blankly,

"That there is a difference in our stations? I thought that you still considered me a sort of nondescript fisherman in the employ of Sam Hurlbut."

"And what are you if you are not?" asked

have helped her if it had been in his power. He saluted in fine naval style, "Can't do it, ma nm," said he, "I'm told off for 'inters!"—Youth's Companion.

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The Little King of Nepaul. If his dashing, prancing Ghoorka warriors made a perpetual circus for our little King, so also his forests and jungles and rivers offorded him a tremendous and varied menagerie, compared with which our "greatest show on earth" was but a dime museum; for here were bear and well and leopard, tiger, hyena, and jackal, elephant, rhinoceres and wild buffalo, wild goats, valtures, and falons and eagles, golden pheasants and jungle

From his palace perch in the cold season he could spy the Bhootlyan herdsmen lending in great flocks of sheep and goats over untains from Thibet, every little creature carrying its pack of small sacks filled with carrying its pack of smant sacks filled with borax, sait, and salitater, and behind these came trains of sturdy, plucky ponies, and flerce, shaggy dogs from the northern high-lands. Sometimes he could see great troops or long trains of carriers econing into the city, bringing tes and musk, paper plant and yak's tails, honey and wax, beads, precious stones, and coral, spice and betel nuts, indigo and vermition.—St. Nicholas.

Where the Injury Came In.

The elevator boy in the hotel was a great friend of Jack's and gave him a ride every time Jack wanted it, but a time came when they ceased to love each other.

"What's the matter with you and the elevator boy, Jack?" asked his father. "Don't you speak any more?", "No," said Jack. "He put me out of the elevator last night."
"What for?"

"What for?"
"Because I punched him."
"Well, wasn't he right to do it?"
"Certainly he was," said Jack, "but he needn't have put me out on the tenth floor and made me walk down."—Harper's Young

ever saw. She is always looking out for Num

Sallie Stydig-I don't think so. She to me to be always looking out for Number Two.—New York Herald. A PRAYER TO OSIRIS.

[On a Sarcophagus at Edinburgh.] Cuide thou my bark." So run the piteous words, So sad with faith, upon this coffin-stone. With the sili wings of Egypt's mystic birds. And strange bright creeping creatures over-

grown. Lord of a kingdom's soul—and flocks and herdel You started on the lonely voyage alone! Would no dusk daughter of your languorous land, No paim tree's sister with the desert's grace, Leave for your sake her warm world's sun and sand And take beside you just a woman's place? It did you shake away the clinging hand And shut your blind eyes on the wistful face?

You thought to land—somewhere, in golden dew, Where the white souls of Nile's dead lilles What dark whim of your pilot-god drove you, On, most foriorni spite of the prayer you wrote.
To this gray late of rock and heath, whereto
The Scotch mist clings, dumb in your deadthe air to a distance of 200 yards, and wait

Golf and Girls.

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of golf sticks. According to the volume in the Badminton Library, Lady Margaret Scott, ever, my next stroke landed me so effectively after performing several other brilliant feats, defeated Mr. A. H. Doleman on the ladies' course at Lytham, St. Anne's in a local match by 4 up and 3 to play, establishing a record (femininely speaking) for the links-a record of 80, which would have been several ess but for an unfortunate bunker resulting in an 8 at the last hole," The young lady's style of play also shattered the feeble objection that golf was not a graceful pastime for women. Hers is the style of a golf player from infancy, charmingly easy, as nearly perfect as possible, with a full swing that is rare enough even among men. Lady Margaret won the first Indies' cham-

clouship at Lytham in 1893-a championship imilar in all conditions to that for men. She sammar in an conditions to that for men. She has also competed in Cotswold Club at How-on-the-Wold, at the Cheltenham links at Clive Hill, and has holed the full course at the famous Westward Ho in ninety-six strokes. In the tournament of the Bath Ladler Golf Club. a most critical content.



the holes is distant on an average, as at Westyard Ho, 320 varis from the next. The dis-ance, of course, varies with the length of the ourse, and the latter is determined by the variable space, a mile and a half for nine soles being a good ordinary course. The day would be quiet enough if it were played upon a lawn, but when one remembers that it is played over stretches of unbroken counry, in the sandhills and bushes and bracken | University, who went to Hong Kong to study and stone pits—not to mention a hundred other excressences or chasms—in which the ball is certain to drop, and that each time you touch the ball with a silek—and you are not allowed to touch it any other way counts a stroke against you, no matter how long you are getting it out of the "hazard" (the generic name given to all obstacles—it will be quite easy to understand how much excitement and skill can be put in the game.

A girls match is great fun. Those who are dilettent or parks or other countries. dilettanti, or embryo gollers, often play en smooth bowling greens or long strotches of lawn, which playing is as much golf as a gentle trot in the park is hunting. I played with a girl on the Victoria links the other We were neither of us, as the boy who day. We were neither of us, as the boy who carried our sticks observed casually, "dnbs" at it. We were fortunate enough to have along with us some good sticks. I know their names and the other girl knew their uses. The boy knew both, and like Mr. Morris' "caddie" made highly objectionable remarks. His way of whistling when we missed hittout his ball at the standard and the stan People.

Another Number.

Pattie Popley—I hate widows! That horrid Mrs. Weeds is the most selfsh woman I

We had been informed that "the sensation of

sweeping the ball off the tee, neither topping sweeping the ball of the tee, hence topoing it nor scraping the ground, and of watching it cleave through the air until it drops beyond the happy striker's ken, yet in the exact direction of the point aimed at, is a thing of art, and is so delightful that the natural exuitation caused by missing a hole sinks into in-significance." This may be so. But we are neither of us in a position to vonch for it. The boy placed the ball for the girl—she is young Fergusson's sister, and hence (in golf matters) of distinguished family—and she got ready to drue got ready to drive.

There are several things to think of. Indeed, one careful golfer, now in a liminate asylum, affirmed that there were thirty-six before one begins this stroke. The girl had practiced it long before a pier glass, and made many attempts at it on the course. She gripped with her left hand, kept her eye so steadily on the ball that she saw apots an the sun for days afterward, made the maxim, "hit the ball clean!" ring through her head until she felt as if there was nothing else in

, and then let the club swing easily back

tunately, and jumped the ball off a few yards into a clump of bracken.
"It's in a 'hamrd' already," I remarked cheerfully. I regret to say that bliss Fergus-[Copyright, 1894, by Madge Rebertson.]

There is a brilliant record by a woman on golf links which would of itself silence forever all remarks reflecting upon the inability of the feminine mind to fathom the mysteries to say that since serguaries, beginning to say this since remark, she lost three strokes gotting her ball out, partly because she forgot to change sileks, and partly because she forgot. That is the worst of golf. Propie are arriven to fremay over it. I had much better fact and sent the ball so much farther than I had any right to say that siles to say that siles a serguaries of the same of the sam to expect that the how ceased making himself



IN A STONE BUNKER,

\$10, and one can only one's self mimost as One—if one is of the sex that were safets— must wear short ones and have a lease enough waits on to be able to swing one's argus about. Scarlet is, of course, the well-inown golf color, and if that boy had worn somet I should have had no excuse. So does a virtueus game beset toulimity! Examine that the character of the boy whom you this to carry your wickes, girls, and if there was any tendency to frivoity on the part of his great-grandmother, don't take him. So shall golf be more reaccuble. So be it.

The Cholera Germ Again-The reported discovery of the plague bacillus by Profs. Kitsalto and Aoyama, of Tokic the epidemic, has attracted so much interest

that it may be well to note some particulars which have just reached this country. The fatal microbs is described as having the form of a very slender, straight illament of short length. It appears in the blood on and after the second day of the outbreak of the disease, and may possibly be—it ought, at all events, to be—identical with the piague

at an event, to co-maintain and the pages bacillus imperfectly described during the Astrachan epidemic a few years ago. Animels incentated with it invariably show cholaric symptoms or die within two days. As there is no alternative but that either the patient or the burill must be killed, the lapanese physicians are investigating the juestion of how best to scotch the virulence

with success.

Meantime, the plague being epidemic in Tunnan, and baving established several fresh centers, they do not believe that the insanitary habits of the Chinese will ever admit of its being exterminated from an empire which it has sourged again and again,—London Chroniele. Surel

Effic-Do you think my papa will go to

Sunday-school teacher-Oh, yes, indeed,

Effic.

Effic.—Well, if he doesn't have his own way there he won't stay long, -Judga, AN UNLUCKY FELLOW.

heaven, Miss Hart?

I'm the most unlucky fellow that a mortal ever | Years ago as a mere acorn. Then it was a tiny shoulder cape, but winI never wanted sunghine but it up an' rained or tor by winter the little furrier has pleced it An' of a band of music was a playin' full an' out for his customer until now it is the fash ionable achievement described. The horae and stop there tootin' long after they one comes across barrains, too, in this polying around; and chief among them may be

date. White other loads, fellows got their deliar to my less it makes a very effective garment. For the wind in a ballet not one pit better's

it, and then let the club swing easily back as of Nile's dead lilles for any expense of no color pilot-god drove you, of the prayer you wrote, and heath, whereto as, dumb in your dead-plus and heath, whereto as, dumb in your dead-plus and heath and the said did not sail graesfully through the mines of the party you wrote, and heath where on a nice, smooth, grassy slope until there on a nice, smooth, grassy slope until she came up to it. She hit the ground unfor-

Written Exclusively for THE WASHINGTON THESE

Of all the winter things fashioned for her comfort and adorning, nothing is more dear to the feminine heart than the new furs.

"Furs softer than sleep," as Theoeritus puts it, she knows to be more than friendly to either blonds or brunette types. And besides-and strongest of every other recommendation to women-essentially the cosy mufflings of luxury and elegance, they

are endowed with an almost sentimental

value in the charm of distant and difficult blessings. This touching appreciation is especially evident where the rare furs are concerned, the priceless Russian sables with their velvety linings, the snowy ermines, hise fox, and feather-like chinchillas; all of which are worth more even than their weight in gold, one feels inclined to think, and are as beautiful as things dreamed of in dreams. Crowned heads or fabulous wealth alone may own them, but since even a cat may look at a king

a visit may be made on reverent toes to their hiding places. First and foremost, in the great plate plans



It is only a fad, however, one of Madame

INDEPENSIVE FURS. And now away to that part of New York, where furs are within the bounds of common mortal possibilities, are astonishingly reas-

onable indeed, and not had furn either. Here we discover, if only through their rarity, that ermine and chinchills are to be



back, which lies in two heavy in-turning pleats, seems to be the favorite model.

Many have the full fully back of last season, however, and in length they are all the way from thirty to thirty-eight inches.

In this wandering about one gots valuable hints as to combinations. We find short seal capes, fulled like skirts, and narrowly bordered with pale yellow, hairy fur, that seems to be making its debut as a trimming.

At an unprotentious furriers we get idea as At an unpretentions furriers we get files as to the possibilities of any scrap of good fur, and are shown a marveious Persian cape that hangs from smooth shoulders in a full flounce to the waits and that began its career five years and a mary areas.

A 'lection never happened but what I's always late,

An' had to do my tradin' with a stingy candidate.

An' had to do my tradin' with a stingy candidate.

Wool seal has a coarse, hairy surface, and late.

Wool seal has a coarse, hairy surface, and is not "elegant," we are told, but neverthe

Didn't Expect Anything Different, "Was the prize that Charlie got at college for brain or brawn?" "Brain, I think,"
"Weil, Charite always was eccentria"